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THE

Mourning Curat:

A

POEM

Occasion'd by the

DEATH

Of our late Renowned Soveraign,

WILLIAM III.

Of Glorious Memory.

By *Henry Park*, Curat of *Wentworth*, in *Yorkshire*.

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To the Honourable

Madam Wentworth,

OF

Wentworth-Wood-House,

in the County of York, *this* Poem, *with the highest Deference, is humbly Dedicated, by her Ladyships*

Most obliged,

And most devoted Servant,

Henry Park.

THE

Mourning Curat.:

A

POEM.

SInce *WILLIAM*'s gone into the bright Abodes,
To ſhine for ever with his Brethren-Gods;
Permit a rural, homely Muſe to ſhed
Some Loyal Tears on the Heroick Dead;
And ſince, oh *Damon!* wondrous Deeds belong
To him, the Subject of thy mournful Song;
In ſweet, and fine, and poliſht Numbers ſing
The Glories of thy late Departed King;
Since Great, Stupendious Acts thou muſt rehearſe,
Strong be thy Senſe, and Elegant thy Verſe.

Fallacious are all Sublunary Things;
No ſolid Bliſs from Human Grandeur ſprings:

This Truth unhappy *Engliſh-men* do know,
Who, like thoſe Waves that round their Iſland flow,
Oft have the Tyde of Joy, and oft the Ebb of Woe.
Dead is the Man that gave fair *Albion* eaſe,
Our Strength in War, and our Delight in Peace!
Never a braver Prince three Scepters held,
Great in the Court, the Cabinet and Field:
Never a vaſter Genius reign'd than his,
In Arms intrepid, and in Counſel wiſe;
Quick in Reſolving, when beſet with Cares;
Magnanimous above the reach of Fears;
Firm and undaunted in an adverſe Fate;
Silent and mod'rate in a proſperous State.
Not Learned *Athens*, nor old Warlike *Rome*
Cou'd e'er produce a Hero of their own
More brave abroad, more juſt and good at home.
All *Europe* his tranſcending Merit knew;
To him, as to a common Father, flew,
When Impious Tyrants did their Rights ſubdue.
Without a Metaphor, by his Command
Kingdoms were ballanc'd in his mighty Hand.
When Great Imperial *Leopold*, many Years
Wag'd with the *Thracian* Sultan cruel Wars,

The

The Rival Potentates did long contend,
Till *WILLIAM* did the fierce Contention end;
His Arbitration clos'd the Breaches ſoon,
And reconcil'd the Eagle and the Moon:
The *Turks* for *NASSAU* had ſo great Eſteem,
They wou'd be civiliz'd by none but him:
At his Decree they ſoon diſmiſs'd their Rage,
And gladly own'd his righteous Umpirage.
So when the Powerful *Dane*, and Valiant *Swede*,
Arm'd on both ſides, each Country to Invade,
Our floating Caſtles cruis'd in narrow Seas,
And in their Canvas Wings brought joyful Peace.
Wiſe *NASSAU*, by his glorious Fleet alone,
Gave a Repoſe to the cold Frozen Zone.

Thus when two furious Panthers ſhed their Blood,
Fighting for the Dominion of the Wood,
The timerous Herds, aſtoniſht at the War,
To Dens and private lurking Holes repair:
But if the Royal Lyon walk that way,
Their Generous Monarch roars, and parts the Fray;
The ſtubborn Combatants, in dreadful Fright,
Make a long Truce, and part the dubious Fight.

But now, after a dang'rous Ocean croſt,
We'll follow *Cæſar* to th' *Hibernian* Coaſt,
Where he ſuch Proofs of Fortitude did give,
Amaz'd Poſterity will ſcarce believe:
Witneſs his Proweſs, old renowned *Boyne!*
When heavily thy bloody Stream ran on,
Thou ſaw'ſt the pompous Military Sight,
And ſtopt thy Current to ſurvey the Fight:
Thy Nymphs, and all thy *Naiades* were there,
To ſee th' Effects of a Religious War;
Our Hero's Foes, puff'd up with Savage Pride,
Having the Land and Water on their ſide,
(Tho' Heav'n was not) did the Great King deride;
Yet he advanc'd, and paſs'd the conſcious Flood,
To ſave ungrateful Realms from Tyranny and Blood;
A rough Salute one Cannon-Ball did give,
But the Ball Died to let the Monarch Live,
Who, through an Atmoſphere of fiery Smoak,
The *Iriſh* and the *French* Battallions broke;
They, the rude Shock, not able to ſuſtain,
Took the wiſe Counſel of their Heels, and ran.
Thus the *Pellæan* Youth Victorious ſtood,
Fighting the *Perſians* at the *Granic* Flood;

But long that delicate, unwarlike Race,
Cou'd not the Royal *Macedonian* Face;
The ſoft and ſilken *Aſiaticks* fled
By his ſtupendous Valour, ſtruck with Pannick Dread.

But why ſhou'd ancient *Namur* be forgot?
The *Engliſh* Honour, and the *Gallick* Blot?
Took by Invincible *NASSAU*'s Command,
By our brave Foot with Poinant Sword in Hand,
Whilſt *Villeroy*, with all his numerous Hoſt,
Did civilly look on, and ſee the City loſt.
No doubt, if Men with Men we may compare,
He and his Hundred Thouſand *French-men*, were,
They ſhew'd it, ſo by being *Debonair*.

But letting ſhrill *Bellona*'s Tumults ceaſe,
We'll view our Monarch in the Calm of Peace;
There we ſhall find him true to's Royal Truſt,
Clement, Forgiving, Merciful and Juſt.
Our Senators, whoſe ancient Right it was
To repreſent the Nation's Grievances,
When they made due Remonſtrances to him,
The Head and Monarch of the *Sanhedrim*,
Wiſe *NASSAU*, for deliver'd *England*'s ſake,
Granted ſuch things as they thought fit to take;

Quick

Quick Eaſe to all their juſt Complaints did give,
Altho' he ventur'd his Prerogative.
Valerius thus, famous in ancient Story
For loving Liberty and *Roman* Glory,
When, on an Eminence, his lofty Seat
Gave Jealouſy to *Rome*'s new-founded State,
Pull'd down his Houſe, magnificent and high,
To pleaſe a Free and Wiſe Democracy:
But *WILLIAM* now has paſs'd the Milky way,
Poſſeſſing Kingdoms of eternal Day;
But let not dark Deſpair diſturb theſe Iſles,
Since Sacred *ANNE* ſucceeds him in his Toils;
Long and Triumphant may our Empreſs Reign,
Our old, Proteſting Worſhip, to maintain,
Whilſt we enjoy as glorious Times as they
Who liv'd under *Eliza*'s happy Sway:
May ſhe from promis'd Principles ne'er ſtart,
But keep and cultivate her *Engliſh* Heart;
And we be bleſt, (as now we twice have been)
Maugre the *Salic* Law, with a moſt Potent Queen.

F I N I S.